

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

THE NEW HOME

When we drew up before the house I could not repress an exclamation of happiness. It was the most beautiful home in town and stood back from the street on a rising knoll of ground—a rambling new house of old English type. We drove under the port-couch and some one, who evidently had been waiting for us, opened the door. John's face beamed and I knew that he had made this arrangement. I gave an exclamation of surprise and happiness and told him it was a wonderful good omen that someone should have opened the great front door to us as we arrived.

"I am so glad dear," I said "that we are to see the new home together."

"So am I," he answered, as he strode forward.

"Come back, John, come back!" I exclaimed.

"What is the matter dear?"

"Nothing, only you and I must step over the threshold together."

John picked me up in his arms as though he did not know any other.

"But me down John, not me down."

"What is the matter?" he again asked, as he dropped me so suddenly I almost fell.

"Nothing, dear only I don't want you to carry me in as you would a child or some helpless creature. That is the way men have long done. It is an illusion I know, of man's protection for the one he loves but I want to walk in beside you, dear, your arm about me of course. I want to feel that I, too, am able to build a home out of this house; that I am part of its creation, not a bit of creation."

For once John entered into my mood and, throwing his arm about me, we both stepped over the threshold together.

I knew that John thought how lovable and sweet and feminine I was in this little doorway and living up to his creed of what I didn't know didn't worry me, he was determining in his own mind never by any possibility to tell me that I was not a woman.

Over this same threshold many times with Elizabeth Moreland.

I, however, was not going to let what I did know worry me. "Forget" completely when I stepped into that great, wonderful living room. It was at least forty feet long by thirty feet wide. At one end of it was one of the most exquisite pieces of furniture I have ever seen. I found out afterward that it was a replica of Wordsworth's home on the Island of Capri. This room was full of unexpected nooks

and in the corner was a superb staircase. Above a balcony was a stained glass window reminding of the Orient, with its many jewel-like bits of glass in metal settings.

"I didn't think it possible that any other person could have my exact idea of what I most wanted in a home of my own," I exclaimed.

"Oh, John, I can just see this room decorated with green and gold paper, a background for my Japanese prints. Over there," I continued, pointing to another corner of the room, "I shall have a black satin covered divan resting on a dais covered with black velvet. Back of it I shall place that striking piece of black and gold brocade that father, mother and I brought from Japan when I was a girl."

"I can see that there are wonderful possibilities in this room, John," I repeated, but I acted as though I had not heard his slip. He went on, in relieved quickness.

"What are you going to do with the dining room set?"

"I am going to leave it in mother's house, John. We shall want to go there summers anyway until Mary is grown, and I would like her to grow up with some idea of that austere Colonial atmosphere. But, John, I have always had a theory that really modern women of the modern house foolishly depend upon convention when they build and furnish a room wholly for eating purposes. When the occupants of the house entertain as much as I expect to, a dining room is superfluous. In these days of efficiency, teaching, and should we put aside a room to be used only about three hours a day which might be used to much better purposes as far as comfort and expediency are concerned? The usual dining room, my dear, is built to impress the neighbor and not for the pleasure of one's self. One always has coffee and conversation in the living room, after dinner, and it seems to me that the dining room can be relegated to old styles and obsolete places."

(To be Continued.)

Care of the Complexion No Longer Coquetry, But Good Grooming

DO YOU KNOW YOU CHANGE YOUR SKIN EVERY SIXTY DAYS?

(By Barbara Burke, Editor of Beauty Culture.)

Of the time enemies of the skin, sun, wind, dust, fatigue and time, the sun seems to be the most destructive. That is, its effects are so rapid and far-reaching that particular care has to be exercised in summer time.

When the bathing season is at its height, a girl whose skin is prone to easily burn or freckle may save herself by adopting a method of prevention. She will have to devote extra attention, particularly to the face, arms and neck, which are mostly exposed.

No girl, no matter how hardy her skin, should attempt to indulge in a sea bath without preparing herself to withstand the sun's strong rays. The one who has a good skin should appreciate this gift and the one who has not should realize the necessity of cultivating it.

HOW TO USE COLD CREAM.

Of first importance is the use of a good cream well rubbed into the skin before going into the water, so that the natural oil that will be eliminated by the salt water will be readily replenished.

Secondly, be sure and wear a bathing suit that is not so tight that it will rub. It is friction that causes blisters, therefore anything that rubs, no matter how slightly, is apt to cause a tender skin to break.

After the bath, if there is the slightest indication of soreness, a good salve should be immediately rubbed in. If the skin should have become broken, it must be protected with a piece of antiseptic cotton before covering with any clothing.

BEFORE RETIRING.

At night, before retiring, the face should be gently massaged with a nourishing skin food, using as much as the skin will absorb. It is a well established fact one has new skin every 60 days. If it is kept well nourished it will never become dry and unsightly lines may be easily smoothed out. Wrinkles in the skin, just as wrinkles in clothes, are caused by tearing the skin and not smoothing it out. First there will be a light line, then continued contraction without relaxation will cause a deeper crease, and eventually unsightly permanent wrinkles appear.

GOOD GROOMING.

But ten minutes a day devoted to the practical care of the skin in summer time will work wonders. Remember, it is no longer considered coquetry that urges a woman to protect herself



Soothing calves and good cold creams should be used regularly.

against the loss of youthful beauty. It is self-respect and a duty she owes to herself and to all those with whom she has to come in contact.

Good grooming is a most valuable business asset, and the girl who is teaching the skin and not smoothing it out. First there will be a light line, then continued contraction without relaxation will cause a deeper crease, and eventually unsightly permanent wrinkles appear.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY AND NURSE JANE'S HAT

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

(By HOWARD GARIS.)

"How do you think I look, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy one morning as she skipped out on the front porch of the hollow stump bungalow, where the rabbit gentleman was taking a sun bath.

"Why, you look as nice as you always do," replied Nurse Jane, looking at her muskrat lady housekeeper over the top of his glasses.

"How do you like my new hat, I mean?" went on Nurse Jane.

"Oh, I didn't notice that before," was the answer. "When I was a most splendid one! He went on, as he saw what Nurse Jane had on her head. 'And what a lot of flowers!'"

"Yes, just a few," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "Mrs. Wigglywobble, the duck lady, helped me trim it. And now that I am all dressed up for a walk, why don't you ask me to take one, Uncle Wiggly?" and the muskrat lady turned around so Mr. Longears could see her hat on all sides.

"Why that is fine idea," he exclaimed. "We'll go for a walk and look for an adventure together. It is a nice bright, beautiful day. Come along Nurse Jane, and make them some honey cakes for supper."

"Oh, that reminds me, Uncle Wiggly," said the muskrat lady, "we need some butter. I'll make them some and eight cent store and get a pound."

"I will," said the rabbit gentleman, and as the store was not far away he hopped over to get the butter, while Nurse Jane and Mrs. Stubtail talked about the best way to make bread pudding out of old pieces of cake.

Uncle Wiggly saw the grocery cat in the line and, as he was passing a piece of paper over part of the window.

"What's the matter?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh," answered the grocery cat, "Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, broke my window a while ago. They were playing ball and didn't mean to."

"And what are you doing, putting in a new pane of glass?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, no," answered the grocery cat, "I have to wait for the glass-painter to come around for that. I am just pasting a piece of paper over the hole, to keep out the rain for it is going to shower soon."

"Why, paper won't keep out the rain!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "Rain will melt paper!"

"Not if I grease it with lard as I've done this sheet which I pasted over the window," said the grocery cat. "Rain water can't come through greased paper, and it will be all right until I can get the glass put in. Now I'll give you the butter, Uncle Wiggly."

With the butter wrapped up in some paper over his paw Uncle Wiggly hopped out of the store at a walk.

"Excuse me, Nurse Jane," he said, for the muskrat lady was still talking to Mrs. Stubtail. "But we had better hurry. The grocery cat says it's going to rain and he put some greased paper over a hole in his window. I don't want your new hat to be spoiled, and I have no umbrella."

"Yes, you had better hurry home!" advised Mrs. Stubtail. "It would be a pity to get your new hat wet!"

So they said good-by and Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane hopped on. But alas! They had not gone very far before all of a sudden, it began to

sprinkle down rain drops.

"Oh, my lovely hat!" cried Nurse Jane. "What shall I do?"

"Let's get under a tree," suggested Uncle Wiggly. But the rain drops came through the leaves.

"Oh, my hat will all be spoiled!" cried Nurse Jane, trying to hide it under an umbrella.

"Ha! I think I can make one!" said Uncle Wiggly.

"How?" asked the muskrat lady.

"Well, I have some paper here," went on the bunny. "And I also have some butter. I'll grease a piece of paper as the grocery cat did so the water won't come through and I'll fasten the greased paper on my raincoat with blue striped rheumatism crutch for an umbrella. That will keep off the rain!"

So Uncle Wiggly greased some paper with butter. Then he fastened some sticks on his crutch, like umbrella ribs and he put the paper on top of them. Then he held this came through the greased paper which was like a duck's feathers. So the bunny took the muskrat lady back to the bungalow and her new hat didn't get wet at all. And wasn't the rabbit gentleman proud of it! And if the automobile doesn't jump out of the garage window in the night to run away and play with the pony cart, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane's hat.

So with her new hat the muskrat lady went walking with Uncle Wiggly. They skipped over the fields and through the woods, first fast and then real slow. And everywhere that Nurse Jane went, her hat was sure to go.

"My! what a lovely bonnet you have, Nurse Jane!" said Mrs. Stubtail the lady bear, as she met Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy and Uncle Wiggly on the Woodland path.

"I'm glad you like it," said Nurse Jane. "Where have you been buying a new hat too?"

"Oh, no, I've just been to the store for some bread and butter and honey," answered the lady bear. "I promised Neddie and Beekie I'd make them some honey cakes for supper."

"Oh, that reminds me, Uncle Wiggly," said the muskrat lady, "we need some butter. I'll make them some and eight cent store and get a pound."

"I will," said the rabbit gentleman, and as the store was not far away he hopped over to get the butter, while Nurse Jane and Mrs. Stubtail talked about the best way to make bread pudding out of old pieces of cake.

Uncle Wiggly saw the grocery cat in the line and, as he was passing a piece of paper over part of the window.

"What's the matter?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh," answered the grocery cat, "Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys, broke my window a while ago. They were playing ball and didn't mean to."

"And what are you doing, putting in a new pane of glass?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, no," answered the grocery cat, "I have to wait for the glass-painter to come around for that. I am just pasting a piece of paper over the hole, to keep out the rain for it is going to shower soon."

"Why, paper won't keep out the rain!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "Rain will melt paper!"

"Not if I grease it with lard as I've done this sheet which I pasted over the window," said the grocery cat. "Rain water can't come through greased paper, and it will be all right until I can get the glass put in. Now I'll give you the butter, Uncle Wiggly."

With the butter wrapped up in some paper over his paw Uncle Wiggly hopped out of the store at a walk.

"Excuse me, Nurse Jane," he said, for the muskrat lady was still talking to Mrs. Stubtail. "But we had better hurry. The grocery cat says it's going to rain and he put some greased paper over a hole in his window. I don't want your new hat to be spoiled, and I have no umbrella."

"Yes, you had better hurry home!" advised Mrs. Stubtail. "It would be a pity to get your new hat wet!"

So they said good-by and Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane hopped on. But alas! They had not gone very far before all of a sudden, it began to

DR. VANCE'S DAILY ARTICLE

The prayer which contains the petition. "Give us this day our daily bread." It is the great commoner.

And so a loaf of bread is behind the greatest of all creeds and the best of all religions, the creed that God is our Father, the religion that we are brothers.

Bread is the staff of life. It deals with primitive hunger. It meets universal need. At the very threshold of existence the bread question presents itself, and in doing so it announces the very threshold of existence human brotherhood.

Brotherhood is not the product of evolution. It is a something civilization has wrought out. It is essential to civilization. Its recognition is a prerequisite to progress. God has built kinship into our blood and announced the oneness of the race in our earliest hunger. Bread taught men that they could not live alone, and it is still teaching this earliest lesson of human relations.

Hunger levels all barriers. It wipes out all distinction. Culture, wealth, position, power, all play out before hunger. It is the great commoner.

We cannot get away from the bread question, and so we cannot lay brotherhood permanently on the shelf.

We may ignore it for awhile, we may forget it for a season, but the day comes when hunger brings us to our senses and a slice of bread says: "None of us lives to himself, and no man dies to himself." The race is one family, and the world declines to maintain a solitude.

The pallid face against the pane is your kinsman's. The slum belongs to your own family.

This is what your daily bread says as it lifts on the lips of hunger the old prayer: "Our Father."

Call Mary's Rose.

The name is derived from the Latin, *rosamaria*, meaning dew of the sea, because it grows near the seashore and the leaves look silvery as if they were covered with dew. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and called Mary's rose.

A Spanish fairy tale deals with the flower. The king of Spain had a rosemary bush of which he was very proud. One day he was playing his flute. Suddenly a beautiful girl stepped forth from the bush. Started, the king dropped the instrument and the maid disappeared. The king immediately fell in love with the beautiful girl and when it was necessary for him to leave he gave the precious plant into the care of the head gardener.

Spell is broken.

One day his two sisters happened to play a flute near the bush when the girl appeared again. Jealous of her beauty, they struck the girl. From that time on the bush withered. The head gardener in distress, overheard two dragons in a nearby forest saying that dragon's blood would revive the rosemary bush. So he attacked and killed the dragons and poured the blood on the roots of the bush thereby breaking the spell and the released princess Rosa Maria married the king of Spain.

but it properly would be much satisfaction to him even if he could.

Your legs separate you from your feet and vice versa.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

Eighty-five per cent of the war-torn farms in France have already been cleared of projectiles.

EVERY FLOWER HAS A STORY ALL ITS OWN

THE ROSEMARY.

"There's rosemary for you, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember," sings Ophelia. That is the meaning, the rosemary has in the flower language.

An old superstition that was current during the middle ages was that three girls should gather on the eve of St. Magdeline. A liquid should be prepared from the rosemary of which each drinks. Without a word, they must then go to sleep. If the charm was not broken, the dream of each girl would reveal her future.

Called Mary's Rose.

The name is derived from the Latin, *rosamaria*, meaning dew of the sea, because it grows near the seashore and the leaves look silvery as if they were covered with dew. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary and called Mary's rose.

A Spanish fairy tale deals with the flower. The king of Spain had a rosemary bush of which he was very proud. One day he was playing his flute. Suddenly a beautiful girl stepped forth from the bush. Started, the king dropped the instrument and the maid disappeared. The king immediately fell in love with the beautiful girl and when it was necessary for him to leave he gave the precious plant into the care of the head gardener.

Spell is broken.

One day his two sisters happened to play a flute near the bush when the girl appeared again. Jealous of her beauty, they struck the girl. From that time on the bush withered. The head gardener in distress, overheard two dragons in a nearby forest saying that dragon's blood would revive the rosemary bush. So he attacked and killed the dragons and poured the blood on the roots of the bush thereby breaking the spell and the released princess Rosa Maria married the king of Spain.

but it properly would be much satisfaction to him even if he could.

Your legs separate you from your feet and vice versa.